

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
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THE DEAD WIFE.

Over the sea the ships
Into the harbor come;
And I listen in vain for the lip of lips
That I know are hushed and dumb.
Above are the silent stars,
Below is the solemn sea,
And a ship goes out from the harbor bars
That never returns to me.

Under the vines and the pines
A little mound was made,
And under the pines and twining vines
She slumbered, unafraid.
They buried the queen of her race—
My heart and my sweetheart away.
Not whiter the folds of the snow-white
lace
Than her folded hands that day.

Above are the silent stars;
And I walk the sands alone,
And a moon comes up from the harbor bars
Like an echo of my own.
Here is the spot where we stood
And looked on the sounding sea!
How could I know that to-night she would
Be only a memory?

The prattle of childish lips;
The thrill of a tone like hers;
The stars and the sea and the ships—
These are my comforters.
The smile, and the old caress;
The look, and the low replies;
And a soul full of infinite tenderness—
These are my memories.
—Alfred Elliston, in Chicago Record.

THE HONORABLE ANNE.

BY EDITH ALLANDALE.

AL GING'S welcome when I came, a bride, to the ranch was not of the warmest. The dusky adobe wall, throwing him into picturesque relief, he stood on the ranchhouse veranda, his face full of suppressed excitement.

"You tell me," he muttered, "who boss, now Mr. Allandale get married?"

"All same as before," was my ready rejoinder.

The crafty features relaxed, and Ah-Ging disappeared kitchenward, his pigtail having struck the dominant note in my first impressions of Vaquero Water.

Cedric smiled at me approvingly. "Glad you were so diplomatic, else he'd have left by the morning stage. It's awfully unromantic, darling, but the drive has made me beastly hungry. Let's see what the old chap has for us."

We dined in a long, low room, hung with spurs and sporting prints, souvenirs of English days, the happiest couple in California.

In its lack of excitement, ranch life proved disappointing. Lynchings were unknown—bandits and desperadoes conspicuous by their absence.

So life flowed on, smoothly, monotonously, till after the birth of Billkins. Ah-Ging then announced his departure. "Better girl cook," he declared. "No likee baby. Heap trouble. Allee time cly."

The next Celestial left after a hasty glance at the kitchen wall. "Me flaid," he explained, pointing to a red hieroglyphic unfortunately unnoticed by us. "Ah-Ging he write: 'Debbil in this house.'"

"He meant the baby," suggested Cedric.

"He say debbil. Me go. No China boy stay here. Heap scared of debbil."

"Try a girl," implored Cedric. "It's no joke driving ten miles a day to the station."

We tried, in turn, Gretchen, who left within the week to "learn religion"; Bridget, who declined working under an Englishman; the widow, whose tears, as she recounted her woes, sizzled over the stove; Dicie, who disliked low wages, though she found no fault with me; and Samantha, who objected to the lack of "scenery." Useless to point out the Brush Hills' mellow charm, distant mountains, oak-dotted meadows, Samantha remained obdurate. "It may suit you Mrs. Allandale," she commented, pityingly, "to see nothing but land. I like it like it was in Tulare. There you kin see houses thick as peas in a pod and people passin' all day. That's the scenery for me, so I guess I'll pack my freight."

Which she proceeded to do; and had barely driven out of sight when a young girl, tall, slim and neatly dressed, stepped on the veranda.

"If you please, ma'am," she quietly said, "I heard that you wanted a girl; can I have the place?"

I heard her history, which was simple. The previous year she had come from England to join her brother on a claim, had fallen ill, had gone to the county hospital at La Huerta, and had come thence to me. While hearing these details, Cedric returned. But one conclusion could be drawn from his utter dejection. "No girl," was stamped on every feature. Samantha had recommended me to Odessa Green, who, less exacting in regard to scenery, was willing to leave the family pig-pen for a month's change, provided the washing was put out, Mrs. Allandale helped with the dishes, the afternoons were free, and a horse every Sunday was at her disposal. I knew the type, ignorant, slatternly, familiar. Contrasting with the newcomer, my resolution was taken. "No, Cedric, I have a servant already."

"Where did she come from?"

"La Huerta, where she has been in the hospital."

"Is she pretty?"

"That's an irrelevant question. Yes, rather—blue eyes and short, curly, yellow hair."

"You know nothing about her?"

"But I know that Billkins has the whooping-cough. I must nurse him, and you cannot cook. Help is needed, and behold Anne."

"So that's her name?"

"Yes, Anne James."

He still demurred.

"Prudence is an admirable virtue, Cedric, but you carry it to an extreme," Cedric yielded, still holding to his own opinion. "Keep her! Keep her!" he cried; "but remember, if anything happens, be it on your head."

Since the days of Ah-Ging, life had not been worth living. Anne came, and comfort followed after. Capable, retiring, a vague sense of mystery pervading her, she proved in our monotonous existence a source of inexhaustible interest.

"I scent a romance?" Cedric declared; "when Anne draws near, find out about her."

"She is so reticent—a contrast to Samantha."

"Teach her something. Learning unlocks a woman's tongue."

So Anne was instructed in more housewifely mysteries and grew more communicative. But Cedric received all details of her past with scornful incredulity. "Papa" was a barrister. Anne herself had been born in the sacred precincts of the temple. Their crest figured as a dove. "Fancy one's parlor maid having a crest!" he ejaculated. For a briefless barrister he had done singularly well, marrying a niece of the celebrated countess of Melligan.

Many a torrid afternoon was whiled away with descriptions of the Irish castle where the wedding took place, the beauty of the bride, the eccentricities of the noble aunt. Cedric scoffed, still crying for more.

One languorous September day, ensconced in the veranda's shadiest nook, we gazed on the brush hills and sighed vainly for a breeze. Cedric broke the stillness. "What about Anne? No news of late?"

"She has a sister who lives in France and is possessed of independent means."

A look of reproach shot from his dark blue eye. "You told me that last week," he murmured.

"And did not tell you that she goes by the name of Lady Emily Brown."

"Brown! Why, she married a Frenchman."

"True."

"Why lady? What title has he?"

"None. I particularly asked Anne."

"Absurd! He could not be 'Brown' or she 'lady' unless, indeed, the title is in her own right. In that case your pearl of a handmaiden is an 'honorable'!" The Honorable Anne brings out the tray, he added, as she approached our corner. "No, it's all false, you may depend upon it. Ask McPherson what he thinks; he is coming up the drive."

Fergus McPherson—caution personified—opined that Anne had lied. He put it plainly: "Deceitful in speech, deceitful in deed. Better watch her, Mrs. Allandale."

My suspicions were not excited. In California nothing is impossible. Had not a scion of a lordly house died on a neighboring ranch—a lonely, neglected sheep herder? No. It was the uneasy air and restless look increasing day by day. I heartily wished for some pretext whereby Cedric, dispatched into La Huerta, might inquire into the antecedents of the Honorable Anne. Chance favored me.

"McPherson has been telling me," began my spouse, a few days later, "about some bloodhounds in town that belong to the sheriff."

"Why lady? What title has he?"

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ward." "Well, boys, get a move on. We're on our way to La Huerta," he added, "to borrow Waite's dogs. Well, good-day, ma'am. Better not harbor any strangers."

A moment more and, left alone, I thought over the situation. Cedric gone, no neighbor near, and a murderer at large whose steps "pinted this way." Suddenly it was borne in upon me that Anne was the fugitive!

A firm believer in woman's intuitions, yet hoping desperately that mine was at fault, I unfolded the paper the sheriff gave me. It tallied well. Moroseness, agitation, all were explained.

Did Anne guess that her identity was known, my life, I feared, would pay the penalty. To ignore the situation, live through the night, if possible, and trust to some one turning up in the morning was all that could be done.

Milking time brought fresh terrors. How guard one's self, with both hands engaged letting down floods of warm, innocent milk! Dinner was eaten hurriedly, with the same feeling of uneasiness. Billkins tucked in his crib, Anne retired early, and, every sense on the alert, I was left alone to watch the nursery door.

It fascinated me. Who would open it? Anne, to hide among the canyons till the posse had returned to its Tulare home? Or Henry Smith, to make an end of me and flee? Truly, the ranch monotony was broken at last. Solemnly the clock ticked, slowly the hands went round, an hour passed. A movement in the adjoining room, and literally my blood ran cold. That had hitherto seemed a mere figure of speech. The sound ceased, and still I watched the nursery door. At last, when my brain would have turned with more, I heard a sound which, faint at first, grew louder and louder.

"Oh, heaven," I cried, "the bloodhounds!" and fell senseless to the ground.

Slowly returned to consciousness, my gaze fell on Cedric, the La Huerta sheriff, and Anne—Anne anxiously applying restoratives!

"Take him away," I gasped; "he will murder us."

"You are raving!" cried Cedric; "that is Anne."

"No; Smith, the murderer. The bloodhounds tracked him to the very door."

Here Hiram Waite thought fit to interpose.

"Guess I can straighten out this kink. Mrs. Allandale. You did hear the hounds, they're up at the barn now. Your husband, he heard at La Huerta we was beatin' up this part of the country, so he lit out for home, thinkin' you'd be scared. We caught our man hidin' by the 'Dobe Hill, and the Tulare boys took him back to town. Your husband and me was tired, so we made tracks for here. Sorry 'bout the dogs, might ha' known they'd scare you."

The Honorable Anne next day gave warning. "If you please, ma'am, you and Mr. Allandale have been very kind, and I love Mr. Billkins like my own, but I can't stay where I've been so misjudged."

"More candor on your part would have prevented your being misjudged," she blushed. "I often wanted to tell you, ma'am—what I first said wasn't true. I came from England when I was a baby. I haven't any brother, and I never went to La Huerta."

"Ah!"

"The kinder you was, ma'am, the meaner I felt; and I was afraid Mr. Allandale would go to the hospital; and, worst of all, my heart stood still when he spoke of Mr. Waite. For he and my stepfather are cousins, and I was afraid he would guess who I was."

"Your stepfather?"

"Yes'm, mother married Jim Waite the second time, and it was him that came with the posse and frightened me. He was such a bad, cruel man that I couldn't stand it, so I ran away."

"How did you happen to reach Vaquero Water?"

"With some friends in one of those big wagons they call 'prairie schooners.' Tulare folks go to the coast every year, but they don't dare go there straight; it's too much change. They always stop at the iron spring to cool off first."

"To cool off at 90 in the shade!"

"Soon as we came to the spring I heard about you, and thought I'd try for the place."

"But how much better to have told me the truth."

"I knew Mr. Allandale was English, ma'am, and they are that particular I was afraid he'd send me home."

"Surely the story of Lady Emily Brown was unnecessary."

Anne's eyes flashed. "It's every word true, ma'am. Not that I ever saw her—she was by father's first marriage—but it's true. Why, they lived in a beautiful house in St. John's Wood, and the night before they went to Paris the prince of Wales dined with them."

"And do you believe it, my dear?" asked Cedric, on hearing the latest version.

"She believes in family traditions. But she will care less about such nonsense when she is Mrs. Hiram Waite."

"Why, she met the man only last night."

"Something will come of it; trust a woman's intuition."

"Thanks, no!" he retorted, with a cheerful grin. "No telling into what mare's nest I might be led. Never mind, darling, you did your best. We can't all be born detectives."

Cedric to the contrary, my prophecy came to pass, and our Honorable Anne was transformed into Mrs. Hiram Waite. At last accounts she was well and happy, supplying the boarders at Waite's hotel with meals at "four bits a head." While we on the ranch are still wondering whether the countess of Melligan and the Lady Emily Brown are myths.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—Half a dozen East Searsmont (Me.) women had a painting bee the other day and painted the new cemetery fence.

CURRENT PUDDINGS AND PIES.

Some Points of Value to the Careful Housewife.

The fruit of the currant bush is now at crimson perfection, and its hedges redden the border of thousands of rural gardens. We began to appreciate the luxury of this fruit when a number of years ago the currant worm invaded the land and threatened to cut short our supplies of jellies and sweet preserves. The currant is, of course, the preeminent fruit for jelly. A prettier and more delicate jelly is prepared from half-white currants and half red than from the pure crimson fruit. Housekeepers frequently prepare their currant jelly with a little less sugar than it was formerly considered necessary to use. The success of the process of reducing the juice of the currant to jelly depends more upon the time and circumstances under which the fruit is gathered than upon the amount of sugar used. It is not advisable, in spite of this, to attempt to make jelly with less than three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of currants. It is essential, however, to gather the fruit as early as a few days after it turns crimson, since the fruit becomes thin and watery by hanging on the vines. It is also desirable to gather the fruit on a clear day.

After currants have hung on the vines for some time they are no longer fit for jelly, but they possess a rich, luscious tartness that renders them excellent for table fruit, and they are also in prime condition for pies and puddings.

The currant is so abundant a fruit that in some sections of the country the surplus left on the bushes after the fruit has been gathered for jelly is allowed to go to waste. The currant makes an excellent baked or steamed pudding. Sift a large cup of flour with a substantial teaspoonful of baking powder. Add a large teaspoonful of butter, and rub it through the flour and baking powder; add a quarter of a cup of sugar, two eggs and a scant half cup of milk. Beat the batter hard and stir in a cup of currants. Butter six molds holding about two gills each. Turn a teaspoonful of sugar from one cup to another, until their buttered surfaces are well coated with sugar; then divide the pudding mixture between the cups, steam the pudding about three-quarters of an hour, setting them in a closely-covered steamer over a kettle of boiling water. The same pudding may be baked in a rather quick oven for half an hour instead of being steamed. Serve the puddings with a hard sauce of butter and sugar.

Currants make a delicious meringue pie. Stew a quart of well-steamed red currants, adding a tablespoonful of water, merely to prevent their burning. After cooking them ten minutes strain out the seeds and skins, but let as much as possible of the pulp pass with the juice through the puree sieve they are strained in. Add a cup of sugar to the currant pulp, and a teaspoonful of corn starch moistened with a little water. Let the thickened mixture boil for ten minutes over the fire, stirring it constantly. Line a tin pieplate with pastry and pour in the thickened currant pulp, and bake the pie for 40 or 50 minutes. Make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread it over the pie while it is still warm, and return it to the oven. Let it bake for 20 minutes, turning off the heat, so that it will be only faintly tinged with brown. A good currant pie is made of two cups of ripened currants and a cup of sugar. Mix the currants and sugar thoroughly together and fill a pieplate. Scatter a few stoned raisins over the currants. Cover the pie with narrow strips of puff paste or with an entire cover. Bake it 50 minutes; then remove it from the oven and dredge it with sugar. Return it to the oven for a moment or two to melt the sugar enough to make it cling to the pie. —N. Y. Tribune.

For cramps or pains in the stomach try a few drops of essence of camphor.

For a nervous headache a cup of moderately strong tea in which two or three slices of lemon have been infused.

For tired feet put a handful of common salt into four quarts of hot water. Place the feet in the water while it is hot as it can be borne. Then rub the feet dry with a rough towel.

For making a clear complexion stir two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur into half a pint of new milk. Let it stand a while, and then rub the face over with it a short time before washing.

For binding up cuts and wounds always use linen, not cotton, as the fibers of cotton are flat and apt to irritate a sore place, while those of linen are perfectly rounded.

For baldness try the following tonic: Liquid ammonia, almond oil and chloroform, each one part; alcohol, five parts; oil of lemons, one dram. Apply freely and often, first thoroughly brushing the hair. This is a mild stimulant and perfectly safe.

For a nail-cleaning liquid use the following lotion: Tartaric acid, one dram; tincture of myrrh, one dram; eau de Cologne, two drams; distilled water, three ounces. Dissolve the acid in the water, mix the tincture of myrrh and eau de Cologne and add to the acid solution. Dip the nails in this solution, wipe and polish with a chamois pad. —Boston Globe.

Gave Him Information.

"Bring me," said the gentleman with the Clan-na-Gael countenance, as he pointed to the lobster in the show-window, "bring me wan av thim informers."

"Why do you call them informers, Casey?" asked his companion.

"Bedad, they wear th' green to be gin wid, and put on the red coats as soon as they get into hot water." —Irish diannapolis Journal.

VENGEANCE THAT FAILED.

Story That Shows How Hard It Is to Catch a Woman.

"I'm mad, clear through!" cried the girl in the grenadine gown. "To think of plotting and planning for vengeance for two whole months and then failing to get it just for the supernatural coolness of your enemy!"

"Humph! I suppose you mean Evelyn," returned the girl in the red hat. "Well, I could have told you beforehand that she—"

"Perhaps you could have, but you didn't," snapped the girl in the grenadine gown. "Yes, of course it was Evelyn. You know she and Molly have been rivals in Fred's affections for a long time. They were both so awfully in love with him that a third girl with a cool head could have stepped in at any time and carried him off. You see, they were so jealous of each other that they were always together and their charms were a sort of antidote for each other."

"Well, I bet on Molly all along," said the girl in the red hat. "She always was lucky; had no younger sisters, and not only went to Vassar, but actually possessed a nose to which eyeglasses are a positive adornment. Then look at the time she sprained her ankle; you might have thought that was Evelyn's chance, but that very day his firm sent him west for a month. And a person with a sprained ankle can write letters as well as anybody."

"Besides having a claim to long and sympathetic replies. Well, he got back a day earlier than he expected and Evelyn, not expecting him, had gone over to the South side to make some calls. Of course Fred went right to Molly's to see how she was—and, with her usual luck, she was downstairs for the first time. He reached the house at two and at three I had a note from Molly asking for my congratulations and begging me to tell Evelyn, so she and Fred could have the afternoon alone."

"A commission which you were quite willing to undertake, if I know anything about you. Well, I should think that news would have upset even Evelyn's composure. She was so sure of Fred; why, she told me—"

"Of course, I was willing," broke in the girl in the grenadine gown. "They told me at her house that she meant to stop in at Yardsick's on her way home, and I went there to head her off from Molly's. By a happy inspiration I went right to the linen department."

"And found her there, of course. No girl who has an idea of being married can keep away from the table linens."

"She was there. When she saw me, she tried to blush, giggled and said: 'I—I am just looking at these things today. A—a girl who is to be married has her hands so full that—'

"Yes; hasn't she?" I said, as she hesitated. "By the way, dear, speaking of that, I've just heard from Molly—she is engaged to Fred!"

"Well, go on; don't stop."

"She just gave one tiny gasp and said, sweetly: 'Have you just found that out? Yes, dear Molly; I'm so glad. It was for her I was looking at these linens today.'"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

LATE FASHION NOTES.

Items of Information on Seasonable Dress.

Veiling gowns are made with the skirts in plaits, and the blouse drooping slightly over the belt all the way round.

The new shirt waists of transparent material will be quite as much worn as ever, despite the craze for red, violet and blue.

Although not so good a material for washing as lawn is, organdie retains its stiffening well, and when rumpled can be pressed to look like new.

Although efforts have been made on the part of those interested in the sale of fabrics for skirts in silk and in dress goods departments, separate skirts continue to find favor with the buying public.

The collar has run up so high that there is no longer a possibility, and can scarcely be a pretense, of a fastening at the back. The bow so long worn behind has disappeared, and little by little the front begins to be marked.

A black veiling has the blouse and jackets all in cords running up and down an inch apart. The sleeves are left plain. The accordion plaited skirt has a seldedge of striped yellow and white. Other black gowns have the blouse open down the front over a color, as red or mauve, with jabot revers down each side faced with the same color, and a standing collar faced with the color.

Pink is very popular for the summer party gown, and a new effect is gained by combining it with shades of violet. Of course, great care must be taken in selecting the tints, but they can be made to harmonize very prettily. Another novel combination, fashionable this season, is red used in conjunction with pink for trimming. —Chicago Journal.

Green Tomato Raisins.

Select small or medium-sized fruit, wipe thoroughly and weigh, allowing one-half their weight of sugar. Make a sirup of the sugar with very little water; boil the tomatoes in the sirup till tender and the sirup thick. Put in jars, and when wanted squeeze them out and chop. Use the same as raisins in cake. Cake recipe that I find good: One cupful of buttermilk or sour milk, one cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of lard, one-half cupful of chopped tomato raisins, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, one heaped of soda; salt, and flavor to make a stiff batter. Bake very slowly. —House-keeper.

—Although 13 is an unlucky number, it has formerly been considered that 13 miles from a gun was safe. The new Krupp weapon keeps up the reputation of the number by throwing a projectile just that distance.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Mr. Benham—"I wish I were single again." Mrs. Benham—"You horrid wretch. What would you do if you were?" Mr. Benham—"Marry you again." Mrs. Benham—"Oh, you darling creature." —Modern Society.

—He—"I am looking forward to the time when I shall make you one of the happiest of women." She—"You are very kind, sir; but I do not think my father would allow me